SCARBOROUGH:

Foster. (Quarto)

K

A POEM,

IN

THREE CANTOS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Printed by R. WARD, for the AUTHOR, and [illegible]

the Booksellers in Town and Country, 1773.

SCARBOROUGH:

A

POEM.

IN

TWO CANTOS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

YORK:

Printed by A. WARD, for the AUTHOR, and Sold by
the Booksellers in Town and Country. 1772.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

J O H N

MARQUIS OF GRANBY

THIS POEM

WITH ALL DUE DEFERENCE AND ESTEEM

IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP's

VERY DUTIFUL AND OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT

MARK FOSTER.

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SCARBOROUGH.

CANTO I.

FAR to the Pole, where bold Brigantian Kings
Ruled awful, ere the martial clime was hail'd
By the loved name of York, a ſimple youth,
Strange to the world, enamoured of the muſe,
Culling for ſong what his untravelled taſte
Viewed with voluptuous joy, attuned his pipe
To neighb'ring Scarborough's praiſe. Three morns he ſung,
And thus commenced his intermiſſive ſtrains.

To the ſoft muſic of the weſtern breeze,
That opes the vernal year, and wooes each flow'r
To taſte the genial beams, now frolic May
In verdant mantle robed, and wreath'd with ſweets,
Leads on old Time. By her reviving touch
The hoary ſire, with vigour nerved, reſumes
His early graces; wrinkles caſt aſide,
Youth ſparkles in his eye, ſerenes his brow,
And, full of health, he trips it o'er the plain
With jocund gait, whilſt, waken'd by the change,
Joy claps his hands, Love breathes his balmy ſighs,
And Laughter, fat with tranſport, ſhakes his ſides.

Whilſt thus the ſeaſon courts, ye ſons of Taſte,
Say in what bliſsful ſcenes imparadiſed
Your days ſhall glide till Winter, dreary power,

Reſume her reign, and turn the ſmiling fields
To deſolation. Ye, whom innocence
Leads, with her hand of ſnow, thro' pleaſure's ſeats,
To SCARBOROUGH bend your ſteps. Thee, ſufferer, too,
Whom ſickneſs tortures, Thee the muſe invites
To huſh thy groans, and, here inhaling health,
Take a long leave of anguiſh. Nor in vain
Will you, ye curious, come; here earth and ſea,
Mingling their charms majeſtically rude,
With pleaſing wonder ſtrike the penſive eye
Of contemplation. But for Thee, whoſe toil
From ev'ry clime has ev'ry folly glean'd
To finiſh arrogance, avaunt! Shall he,
Who dined at Paris, ſlept at Rome, endure
This Gothic air? Shall he vouchſafe a look
On Northern Nature? No, that miracle,
Thyſelf admire, with faſcinated eye,
Till the bright Gorgon turn thee to a Stone.

Nor ye, who, ſmit with love of antient arts,
Pore o'er the ruins of imperial Rome,
Diſdain this humble theme. What! tho' retriev'd
From whelming mountains, here no marbles breathe;
Yet HE, who emulates their godlike deeds,
To view whoſe mould'ring monuments ye chang'd
The down of eaſe for travel; HE who reap'd
MINDEN's fair field, retiring from the pomp
Of courts in ſearch of ſimple elegance,
Oft decks theſe Northern Scenes, and, not diſpleaſed,

Is titled SCARBOROUGH's GENIUS; flow, ye ſtrains,
Why tremble, ſhielded by a GRANBY's name?

Bear me, O bear me to that ample vale,
In whoſe irriguous lap, with many a maze,
Smooth Derwent wanders. High the Alpine Moors
Lift their blue heads in Artic aſpect, high
Ethereal Wolds their ſouthward ſummits rear.
Thro' fields, thro' paſtures, villages, and rills,
Mine eye with ev'ry rural ſight, mine ear
With ev'ry rural ſound, my ſenſe of ſmell
With every rural ſcent, regaled and bleſt,
On let me journey to the riſing ſun,
Till SCARBOROUGH's ſoftly-ſloping beech * forbid
Further advance. For here the Queen of Iſles
Stretches amain her hoſpitable arms
To ſhield afflicted Commerce. Pleaſed to view
An eaſy acceſs, oared by Nature's hand,
The waves exulting cleave their weſtern way,
Ambitious of her boſom. Bright with ſmiles,
All ſilent and ſerene they ſail along,
Till wrecked againſt the ſhore, with dying plaint
They mourn their baffled ardour. There ſecure
Fair SCARBOROUGH, ſoft-deſcending from the cliff,
Hath fixed her ooze foot. Her circling domes
Amphitheatric far and wide afford
The ſea a proud horizon. O'er her fleets
She hangs enamoured. Shooting thro' the deep,
The mole immenſe expands its muſſy arms,

* A graphical deſcription of the place.

And forms a ſpacious haven. Loud the winds
Murmur around, impatient of controul,
And laſh, and foam, and thunder. Vain their rage,
Compacted by its hugeneſs every ſtone
With central firmneſs reſts. Theſe hills of rock,
Uptorn from Ocean's beds, where fixed they ſlept
In beauteous order ſince the ſea was formed,
Returning tides, that groan beneath their weight,
Bear home to SCARBOROUGH. Each a Delos ſeems
While floating to the beech, where lifted high
(What cannot art?) by engines, poized in air
It pendant o'er the beech appears, as when
The giant hoſts on Pelion's tow'ring head
Whelm'd the vaſt weight of Oſſa. Mounded here
Still reſts a ſtately ſquadron. Juſt arrived,
Now from her wearied ſides the veſſel pours
Such treaſures as the equinoctial ſun
Ripens with rays direct. Another now
Of ſome enormous Scandinavian pine
Unloads her womb, with whoſe loud thundering fall
Earth wildly ſhakes around her. There a third
Diſmantled, like ſome Veteran, proudly ſhews
Her wounded hulk, and naked limbs robuſt
Torn by aërial conflicts. But if chance,
As paſſing ſails the fleet, that ſtill ſupplies
Thy blazing hearts, Auguſta, winds averſe
Arreſt its courſe, how bright a proſpect then
Feaſts the glad eye! As near ſome ſweet retreat,
Where art and nature vying interchange

Kindeſt

Kindeſt careſſes, ſwim the ſtately ſwans
In the wide ſilver lake, that half incloſed
By wings of poplar, opening full in front,
Decks the majeſtic dome; thus ride the ſhips
In this enchanting bay, with ſtreamers curled,
And panting ſails, that whiten'd by the ſun
Gliſten afar, in multitude compar'd
To leaves, that ſhowering croud the umbrageous lake,
The ſpoils of Autumn, or the ſtarry train,
That when the moon conceals her modeſt face,
Emblaze the heavens. Yet ſcarce this floating pomp
So vaſt! ſo ſweet! can vie with SCARBOROUGH's Charms,
All centering as they ruſh on Ocean's eye.

As when ſome melting youth, ere Garrick ſhine
The Richard of the night, adventurous throws
His ardent eyes amongſt the lovely nymphs,
That in full theatre around him riſe
Rank above rank, the ſhape of harmony,
The light vermilion lip, the eagle eye,
The dimpling ſmile, the ſymmetry of face,
Majeſtic mein, and neck of virgin ſnow,
In va[illegible]jects ſeen in different ſtrength
Diſtra[illegible] choice; thus ſtands the mariner
Pe[illegible]nd dubious whence his pleaſure ſprings,
Wi[illegible] unfolding from her concave ſlope
He [illegible]ARBOROUGH views. The ſandy pediment,
Firſt gently raiſed above the watery plain,
Embraces wide the waves; the lower domes

Next

Next lift their heads; then ſwiftly roof o'er roof,
With many a weary ſtep, the ſtreets ariſe
Teſtudinous, till, half o'ercome the cliff,
A ſwelling fabric * dear to heaven aſpires,
Majeſtic ev'n in ruin. Flow ye tears;
Theſe proſtrate walls are awful monuments
Of bleeding virtue—mourn, ye Good and Juſt;
Of gored religion—weep, ye Pious, weep;
Of ruined Britain; of a martyred king.
Diſcord, curſed Fiend, whoſe phangs again would pierce
Poor Albion's heart, the crime was thine, a crime
So black, not all the ſtreams from Mercy's fount
Can waſh it pure; ev'n Charity herſelf
On reading it uplifts the ſteel to hunt
A Cromwell thro' the ſhades. On yonder hill
The Anarchs prayed, to God diſſembling prayed,
Ev'n while their dire artillery bent its rage
On God's own houſe. But ſee yon hoary walls,
That perched ſtill prouder on the mountain's pike,
From Eurus, Boreas, and the kindred ſtorms
Shield the rejoicing Hav'n. This citadel,
Tho' reared when Time was yet a beardleſs boy,
Save when by Macedonian † engines mined
Subverſive bribes, would never deign to admit
A conquering foe. The tyrant, who preſumes
To annoy it, firſt muſt hire the winged winds
To waft his legions to the middle air,
And there ſublime, on pillared clouds condenſed,
Fix

* A church, part of which was deſtroyed by the artillery of Cromwell during the grand rebellion.——† Vid. Hor, Ode 16. Lib. III.

Fix his artillery, elſe his efforts all
Muſt labour ineffectual. Nature here
Exhauſted all her powers. For ſite ſhe gave
A mountain, neighbour to the moon; for walls
A penſile cliff, whence down the boldeſt eye
With dizzy horror looks; for moat the abyſs
Of boundleſs ocean ſpiked with guardian rocks,
Then decked the mountain's top a ſpacious mead,
With ever-verdant robes, and taught a vein
Of water, as updrawn by kindred clouds,
Straining thro' porous ſand its briny drops
To riſe a dulcet well. The bulwark thus
In ſtrength conſummate, next ſhe kindly deigned
To wed it by a narrow neck of land
To Britain queen of freedom. She with pride
Received the precious gift, and as ſome prince,
Preſented with an orient gem, inlays
The precious prize in gold, begirt it round
With lofty towers, that luſty ſtill in age,
Diſplay their ſcarry fronts for many a league.

In ancient days, when Death obſervant heard
The quivering bow-ſtrings twang, from theſe the ſons
Of chivalry with clouds of ſhafts o'erwhelmed
The war of proud Beſiegers; here, tho' now
Britain's bold lions ſlumber, whilſt our coaſts
Are crouded by unlicenced ravagers,
Here forced the Flemmings humbly crouching ſued
To fiſh on Thule's ſhore, nor dared till hence

They

They gained permiſſion, violate a ſcene
Which Britiſh ſeas ſupported. Here too bled
The victims deſtined * to an injur'd realm.
But now no more the crimſon tides of war
Ruſh headlong from the hill, nor dying groan
Pierces the ear, but Echo in her cell
Dreams o'er each long-forgotten claſh of fight,
Till the loud cannon with horrific peal
Diſſolve her ſleep, and teach her to proclaim
Sweet peace reſtored, a GEORGE's reign begun,
Or elſe another BRUNSWICK born to bleſs.

O! what a rich diverſity adorns
The various view, that from this pinnacle
Expands unbounded to the toiling eye.
† Promiſcuous wilds, brooks, vallies, villages,
Herds, hedge-rows, hamlets, hills all whiten'd o'er
With hanging flocks, and plains, where fiery ſteeds
Prance o'er the ſward, compoſe the weſtern view.
‡ From fair luxuriant meads to wavy fields
Of gold, from fields of gold to paſtures browned
By ſultry ſuns, from paſtures brown to lean
Penurious ſoils, on which tall birches rear
Their ſocial heads, and thence to ruſh-clad heaths,
Where ſhivering pines the ſolitary thorn,
Glances the roving eye, till dreary hills,
Black as Cocytus, cloſe its northern tour.
For there the moors aſpire, where hateful ſcowls
Grim

* The famous favourite Gaveſton.——† A view from the caſtle towards the weſt.——‡ A view from the caſtle towards the north.

Grim deſolation thro' the varying year.
A barren ſlime their wintry face deforms,
A barren ſlime, which, parched by ſultry days,
Caught by the winds rides headlong o'er the waſte;
In clouds of duſt, the traveller's dire ſcourge,
Like ambient hills in deſart Araby.
‡ In eaſtern ſite now ſeas tormented foam;
Now ſoft aſcending from the beech, all mute,
All motionleſs, like an expanſive plain
Of poliſhed ſteel, with the blue diſtant clouds
Unite their waves, and now by ſcaly ſhoals
Are all with glory cloathed. For wheeling round
Their annual courſe, the northern caravan
Of herrings, by the ſun's meridian beams,
All fluttering on the ſurface of the ſea,
Hence are diſtinctly ſeen. Whate'er of ore,
Whate'er of gems the womb of earth infolds,
Whate'er of pearl is boſomed in the abyſs,
Tear from their ſecret beds, and bright diſplay
With art before the ſun; not all the ore,
And gems infolded in the womb of earth,
With all the pearl emboſomed in the abyſs,
Torn from their ſecret beds, and bright diſplayed
With art before the ſun, could feaſt the ſight
With grandeur ſo ſtupendous. Every ſcale
Twinkles with living luſtre, varied ſtill
By motion, depth, and diſtance. Diamonds here
In ſurface many an acre ſeem to dart

‡ A view from the caſtle towards the eaſt.

Their piercing ſilver rays. With deeper light
A ruby immenſe as the ſtrong eye can graſp
Here ſheds its bleeding fires. A topaz here
With gold irradiates half the ſea, and here,
Large as a landſcape, glows the emerald green.
Now by the finny thouſands tinged, the waves
All ſhine cerulean ſaphire, now the gems
So multitudinous appear, ſo rare,
Nor words can paint their light, nor fancy find,
In all her mingling cells, a ſemblance meet
To match their combinations. Blazoned thus
In ev'ry glory that the ſun can lend,
On moves the watery hoſt, as tho' it formed
But one bright monſter, whoſe broad back appears
Scarce covered by the ſea, Leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, Ocean's King.

* O bear me, Boreas, to yon cliff beneath
The noontide ſun, that far and wide beheld
Flames in white majeſty †. Amazement there
Oft marks the myriad tribes, unknown by name
Since the world's infancy, that cleave the deep
Now with their oary feet, and now on wing,
Incumbent, yelling cloud the face of day.

As nearer winds the cliff abrupt, a ridge ‡
Of ſnowy ſemblance, ſhooting from the ſtrand,
Divides

* A view from the caſtle towards the ſouth.
† Flamborough-Head, a well-known promontory, famous for its ſea-fowl.
‡ Filay Bridge, concerning which the neighbouring people ſay that it was built by the devil to obſtruct trade, who, fortunately loſing his hammer into the ſea, was obliged to deſiſt from his enterprize.

Divides the azure deep. There earth, air, ſea,
Conflicting, Chaos throned on clouds of foam
In his proœval horror bellowing reigns.

Here, as the fablic ruſtic dreams, ſome fiend,
At the firſt dawn of commerce, envious fixed
The deep foundation of a bridge of rocks,
Deviſed from ſhore to ſhore. The womb of earth
He ranſacked for metallic ore to frame
Infernal engines. Armed with ampler power,
Theſe did Britannia's better genius whelm
Beneath the neighbouring hills, and in a flaſh
Of lightning melt amid the maſs of earth.
Hence ſickneſs owns the power of ev'ry rill,
That laves yon vaulted cliffs, while SCARBOROUGH boaſts
A triple portion of the healing ſtrength
In her fam'd SPAW, that treaſures all its ſtores,
Where yonder roof, erected on the waves,
Groteſquely lurks beneath the pendant cliff.

Hail, generous Fountain! Hail, ſalubrious Source
Of ſtrength and beauty. Streams that proudly vaunt
Redundant floods of gold, in vain would vie
With the bleſt Nectar of thy frugal urn.
Thou, like the cordial that enriched the heart
Of feeble Æſon, charmeſt the ſtagnant blood
Of palſied age to circle thro' the veins
With youthful ſpeed and fire, till oft the ſage,
By Thee renew'd, forgetful of the ſtaff,

His old familiar, lightly trips the ſtrand,
And wonders at himſelf. The ſickly cheek
By Thee rekindles with the vivid glow,
Quick as the roſe recruits her withered bloom,
When pearly dews deſcend; the languid eye,
By Thee informed, reſiſtleſs radiance darts;
By Thee with genuine health each Feature ſmiles.

Machaon here, in deeper learning verſed
Than magic Laplanders, might mutter forth
Sequipedalian ſpells, which myſtic lips
Know only to pronounce, of power ſupreme
To ope the womb of earth, and give to light
The Strata, that enrich the paſſing ſtream;
Not ſo the Muſe; ſhe, artleſs, loves to tell
A ſimple tale, to ſhew what happy Chance
Diſcloſed this wonder to the ear of Fame.

In Nature's happy reign, this humble town
Nurſed in her ruſſet lap the lovelieſt pair,
That prattling childhood ever taught to pleaſe,
Sabrina, ſweeter than the morning breath
Of thyme or woodbine, Florio ſprightlier far
Than the gay lamb, that gambols o'er the green.
Near were their manſions, and their parents linked
Cloſe in the bonds of friendſhip. Fortune's ſmiles,
With equal favour were diſpenced to both,
Nor ſcanty nor profuſe. Scorn never reared
Her finger as they paſſed, nor Envy looked

Askance, and gnawed her lip. The mothers oft
Together watched them, who e'en then remarked
That Florio's sight inspired the earliest smile,
Which graced Sabrina's cheek. By riper years
Led forth they individual passed their days
Of innocence, and oft assumed in play
Their parts in real life. They decked the bower,
They hand in hand exulted o'er the mead,
And, with officious emulation, there
Gay flowerets gathered, and with mutual joy
Exchanged their little labours, each convinced
The rose smelled sweeter when the other's gift.
But if the distant lowing ox alarmed
Her timorous heart, all care and tenderness,
He manly strove to dissipate her doubts.
Or if, with ruffled plumes and martial port,
The dread domestic turkey's near approach
A real danger menaced, he aloft
Brandished the pliant twig with guardian arm,
And shielded her retreat. And this regard,
That seemed coeval with their vital breath,
Still brightened as the morn of life advanced.
For as some precious pearl, by Nature's hand
Placed in its shelly parent's infant womb,
Grows with its growth; thus sympathetic love,
Innately planted in their childish hearts,
Increased, as rose their stature. Long the fair,
In Florio's heart, his loveliest sister lived,
And he, her dearest brother, reigned in her's.

So

So eaſy ſat their chains, that foreign eyes
Perceiv'd them glittering, ere the blinded pair
Who happy bore their weight. 'Twas Rumor firſt
Surprized them with the ſecret of their loves.
Yet ſtill, perſiſting to deceive themſelves,
They veiled their paſſion with the ſpecious name
Of Friendſhip, pleaſed to fancy Fame the dupe
Of their unmeaning kindneſs. But, ere long,
Both wiſhed prophetic, what they both had once
Derided, as the breath of wanton tongues.
Then He preferred his Suit, which She with joy
Bluſhing received, untutored in the lore
Of artifice. And now the nuptial day
Drew on with ſtealing pace, when ſickneſs ſeized
The deſtined bride, beneath whoſe iron gripe,
While twice the moon her radiant courſe revolved,
She pined in agony. Meantime the youth,
Attendant on her couch, conſumed the day,
Watched the long night, and cheered her heavy hours.
Hope ſmoothed his brow, but Anguiſh gnawed his heart.
He felt her every pang, and oft retired
To hide the unwilling tear, and eaſe his breaſt
By liberal ſighs unſeen. But Time at length
Reſtored her frame to ſtrength; but ah! not ſo
Returned that blooming life, which breathed before
Thro' all her heavenly form. That face, more ſmooth
Than poliſhed chryſtal, ſoft than ſilk, and clear
Than new-deſcended ſnow; that face, ſo late
The throne of Health, was now become the ſeat

Of foul Deformity. No more each eye
Gazed with delight, but from her putrid form
Turned ſickening. Baffled too, the healing Art
Conſigned her to deſpair; and ſcarce a friend
Remembered now her door. But Florio's foot
Still loved its ancient paths, and ſtill his voice
Spoke tendereſt comfort. "Let no cold neglect
"Of kindred, no deſpight of Fortune, ſpoil
"Sabrina's heart of peace; there is, who loves
"Beyond thy noon of brightneſs. In that face,
"Thro' which thy beauteous mind muſt ever beam,
"An angel ſtill I view. Let ſacred ties
"This hour unite our hands." Then ſhe with tears;
"Me have the frowns of Fate condemned to drink
"The Dregs of bitterneſs, to Me denied
"Each ſocial pleaſure, Me have ſingled out
"For ſolitary grief. Ere torn away
"The little beauty, that I once could boaſt,
"Thou waſt my only wiſh; but now, ſince loſt
"To conſolation, loſt to hope, ſcarce bleſt
"With the faint ſemblance of a female form,
"Shall I, all-worthy as thou art, ſhall I
"Deſire to ſeize thee with my ſinking arm?
"Forbid it Gratitude; go, Florio, go,
"Seek out ſome fairer, and may heaven adorn
"Thy ſecond laſting choice, thy happier love,
"With each attracting grace; and I, while life
"Pants in my heart, will grateful cheriſh there
"Thy truth and tenderneſs, and when I ſleep

"In

" In the cold cell of death, (ſoon, very ſoon,
" O! come that wiſhed-for day) my little all,
" The dower long meant for thee, ſhall bleſs thy babes."

She ſpoke, nor could his ſtrong perſuaſions bend
Her generous ſtubborn purpoſe. Hopeleſs then
Reluctant he retired; but not to rove
Thro' ſcenes of dalliance, where the blended ſound
Of amorous ſighs, and ſoft-complaining lutes,
Languiſhing floats on gales of rich perfume.
Eliza, by the trumpet's martial voice,
Summoned her Britons to repel the power
Of arrogance and Spain. This Florio heard
Obedient, and his beamy falchion wav'd
Beneath the banners of victorious Drake.

Sabrina then, like ſome delicious peach,
Pride of its parent root, whoſe lovely cheek
Hath lured the prowling race of famiſhed waſps
To pierce its roſy rind, decayed apace.
By all abandoned, now with frequent walks
She meaſured o'er the beech. Her piteous ſighs
Awaked the morn; the roar of noontide waves
Devoured her voice; the rocks at eve repelled
Her ſolitary plaints. The ſummer ſun,
Thus whilſt ſhe roved, ſhot down his headlong beams,
And ſcorched her naked veins. A ſickening ſcent
Next ſmote the ſenſe of ſmell. Down guſhed her tears;
" What! do I taint the air whilſt yet alive?

" Others

" Others die firſt,—juſt heaven!—but yet I'll try
" If thou, vaſt ſea, canſt waſh me pure." She ſaid,
And, urged by deſperation, plunged amain.
Returning thence her viſcous lungs were parched;
Mocked by the briny tide, her fever'd eye
Glanced to the cliff, when this ſalubrious rill,
That then, like modeſt Merit, unobſerved,
With noiſeleſs current trickled to the ground,
With rapture fed deſire. She run, ſhe kneeled,
She limpid handfuls ſcooped, ſhe cooled her thirſt;
Refreſhed then homeward plyed; but oft from thence
Unconſcious bathed, and drank the magic ſtream.
As when, amid the ſubterranean dotes,
The Grave of ancient Rome, the artiſt finds
Some ſculptured form, incruſted o'er with clay,
In which for many an age it ſlept obſcure,
Fearful to wound it by his cleanſing hand,
He tenderly to Tiber's gentle care
Configns the prize, who with inſinuous wave
Perſuades the mouldring ſhell to give to light
Its treaſured buſt; at every eager view
Some opening beauty fires his hope, till freed
The ſtatue breathes, and with majeſtic mien
Aloud proclaims itſelf the work divine
Of Phidias, glory of the Grecian name:
Sabrina thus, with ſweet ſurprize, beheld
Her darkened charms redawn; but fearing ſtill
Her old deluder, Hope, betrayed the truth,

Again she viewed her form; again some grace,
Waked by the healing stream, and unobserved,
Or else unblown before, dispelled her doubts.
Persisting still to enhale the cordial, soon
She shone in native beauty. Wondering crouds
Sighed out their homage, and with ardent zeal
Hailed the glad change. And now her dreams were all
Delight and love, when baleful tidings, big
With every specious circumstance, proclaimed
That Florio slept in a low watery grave.
She heard, sighed, sickened, sunk on the cold ground,
Revived, expired again; but when at last
Rewaked her senses, Florio's image swam
Before her half-raised eyes. She shrunk, she stared,
Whilst every hair was bristled to a spear,
With deep-sunk glaring eyes, with bloodless cheek,
With lengthened visage, arms outstretched to clasp,
And tottering pace the meagre form advanced.
Uprose Sabrina. "Spirit of the best
"Of human race, all hail! will gracious heaven
"Indulge beyond the grave?"—A tender kiss
Pressed her cheek, here taught her Heaven had sent
A more than phantom. "O he lives! he lives.
"Say when? how? where?"—Oppress'd by extacy,
Both prostrate fell, as fled their common soul.
Just had he landed victor, and, tho' faint
With sickness, to her sight familiar flew,
Whilst by the rumor of his fate entranced.

Love

Love lent him ſtrength; for ah! his day of life,
Tho' the ſtrong pow'r of every herb was tried,
From thence grew dark apace. But when the Grave
Gnaſhed at its feeble Prey, propitious Heaven
Indulged a balm, whoſe healing aid, like oil
Poured to the ſickning lamp, recruited ſoon
His vital ſtores, the Spaw, the potent Spaw,
Sabrina's cordial draught. The reſcued pair,
In honour of the ſacred Rill, convened
A ſprightly train to tend them on the ſtrand,
With muſic's rapturous ſounds. The virgins bore
Flowers of all ſcents, all hues, with odorous ſhrubs;
The youths beneath their cheering burdens toiled,
The foamy pail, and vine's nectareous boaſt.
They wove the grateful wreath, they joyous crowned
The healing fountain, taught his urn to flow
With mingled milk and wine, and cloſed the day
With rural dances on the revel ſhore.
The morrow's ſun awaked to nuptial rites
The longing lovers, who, in glad content,
Their table crowded by a prattling race,
Their health confirmed and guarded by the flood,
In nature's pureſt pleaſures paſſed their years.

This work, which firſt from darkneſs drew the ſtream,
Tuned every tongue, till ſome more new diſplay
Of healing power, ſucceeding to its praiſe,
Upraiſed the wondering hand. As when ſome bark,

Driven, by the rage of warring elements,
On Ophir, isle unknown, descried the gold
And wafted home her burden, soon her course
O'er the wide deep was traced, till Hebrews, Greeks,
Tyrians, and all the trading Orient cloathed
Her precious coast; thus SCARBOROUGH, when approved
Her Spring of Health, became the gay resort
Of countless multitudes, convened afar
To quaff the rich relief. Nor think, tho' here
Remotest climes their lazar offspring fix,
That melancholy pale, with head declined,
And inly-bending eyes, that ever pore
Upon her ulcered heart, exiles and frights
The cheerful pleasures. Anguish here divests
Her aspect of distortion, learns to enjoy
The strains of harmony, devours the tale,
And aids the choral laughter. As of old,
Ere, mid Dodona's hallowed oaks, the dome
Of Jove aspired, whatever life approached
The mystic cave, and thence inhaled the streams,
Glowed instantaneous with prophetic fire;
Thus they who SCARBOROUGH reach, who copious quaff
The glorious rill, are strait inspired, are seized
With cheerful hope, feel every heart-felt pang
Subside to sweet complacence, every pulse
Symphoneous circle to the sound of joy.
Here pleasure wings each hour; but ere the muse
Cull, with excursive wing, the rural sweets,

Or with the Nereids ſport, her pleaſing toil
Muſt wait another ſun. For balmy reſt
The Patriot oft forgets the public weal,
For reſt the yawning ſluggard quits his couch,
With reſt a while, Xantippe, grimly ſoothed,
Suſpends the larums of her vixen voice.
As all for reſt thus change their dear delights;
Come, ſweet Repoſe, the future day is thine,

CANTO

CANTO

CANTO II.

HARK! the ſhrill clarion of the matin cock,
With long-drawn ſtrain loud-lifted, importunes
The world to labor. Starting from the down
Of ſilence, Fancy to her Scarborough's cliffs
Joyful again repairs. By ſmooth ſtill ſteps
The Dawn, meek harbinger of roſy Light,
Steals up the ſkies, and with ſerene grey
Mantles the faded ſtars. The Winds are hush'd,
The Waters awful ſlumber. Night's dull bird,
Warned by the kindling Air, ſo ſolemn ſails
To the lone cavern of his moaping hours,
Lulled by the light, he flying ſeems to dream.
Now dimly yon rough range of tattered rocks
Lift their white heads; now, poiſed in air, the Lark,
Exulting harmoniſt, is danced on wing,
True to the ſtrains of rapture; curling waves
Now blanch their barriers; now the Seamew, waked
With unctuous plumes, thro' nether ſkies purſues
His finny prey; and now the Raft is ſinged
With purple. O! if Nature's nobleſt charms
Can lure you from repoſe, ye Viſitants
Of Scarborough, ſhake dull Lethe's vapourish load
Quick from your drowſy eyes. Ariſe, and ſeek
The oozy beech. Not Cæſar high enthroned
On the triumphal Car, with Diadems,
Buſts, Sceptres, Vaſes, Chains of maſſy gold
In gorgeous heaps diſplayed, and Veſts, the raſh-

Of Royal hands, that Deities adorned
Commixt in grand confuſion—not the Barge
Of Egypt's ſplendid Queen, whoſe ſilken ſails
Profuſely wafted round Sabean ſweets
To every ſighing breeze, whoſe ſilver oars
Accordant liſtened to the dulcet ſound
Of ſoft Idalian Flutes—not Philip's Son,
In all a pillaged World's collected pomp;
But the bright Image of creative Power,
Emerging glorious from the vaſt Profound
In Majeſty unclouded, there ſhall fate
Your eyes with extacy. For ſee! the expanſe
Has changed its azure hue, and crimſon floats
On every dimply ſurge, till, riſing flow,
The golden Sun on Ocean's heaving breaſt
Reclines in awful Grandeur, darting round
Radiance oppreſſive to the dazzled Senſe.
How poor the Galaxy of twinkling worlds,
When deepeſt azure decks the ethereal Cope,
To this ſtupendous Blaze! The Orb of Day
Pours on the poliſhed plain his brighteſt beams;
The poliſhed plain, with repercuſſive Rays,
Illumes the chalky Cliffs, that towering high
Confine the Flood of Light; the chalky cliffs,
Hurl forth their glancing Glories to the ſky,
A tenfold Luſtre from the ſky recoils:
Whilſt thus Effulgence with Effulgence meets
In airy conflict, flaſhing liquid fire;
Whilſt every ſmiling Surge diſplays afar

Such ſplendors, as outvie the radiant boaſt
Of Ormus and Golconda; whilſt the ſight
Trembling ſurveys the vaſt Magnificence:
What nobler Object winding down the ſteep
Attracts the eye? The Sun, the Moon, the Stars,
With all the dazzling planetary Globes,
Compared to that pure Spark, the Soul approved,
And dignified by Taſte of Piety,
Their luſtre loſe, and dwindle to the verge
Of dark Annihilation. Long by him
May temples riſe, mid wilds, where hallowed voice
Was never heard, and Superſtition eye
Diſpleaſed, the modeſt manſions built thro' Him
For GOD's devoted ſervants! Do not frown,
GARNETT, thou who ſnatcheds't my tender years
From a cold world, and bade'ſt them reſt ſecure,
Claſped by thy guardian Friendſhip, do not frown
To hear this echo of *Iona*'s voice!
Poor tho' the ſtrain, 'tis ſacred to Defert:
Fond of ingenuous fame, the Bard diſdains
To pamper pride, or dignify diſgrace;
Conſcious that ſoon, when mute his pulſe, he ſleeps
In the cold cell of Death, his wealth and wants
Will all be ſummed in that laſt veſt a ſhroud,
A Grave, that cheapeſt of dwellings, and that laſt
Of Honors Earth can pay, an humble Stone,
To ſhield his mouldering head from ſteps profane.
O! let not Folly mock the ſerious verſe
That wanders to the tomb. Imperious Death,

Who all arrests, muſt her career, tho' mad,
Cloſe even as ſure as mine. Yon marſhalled waves,
To mortals friendly monitors, behold!
Wave after wave roll rapidly along
To deſtined diſſolution. Soon as one
Breaks, and commingles with its parent Deep,
Another, and another ſtill ſucceeds;
And theſe too ſpeed their momentary courſe,
Till daſhed againſt the ſhore, their utmoſt goal,
They break, ſubſide, are loſt. And yon proud ſurge,
That with erected head, and Lion roar,
Thunders againſt the ſtrand, as ſoon might force
From its unſhaken baſe, the unweildy weight
Of yon huge hill, with all the provinces
Girt by the Britiſh Seas, as Man, by power,
Extend the limits of precarious life
Even but a ſcanty moment. Heaven ordained
The luſty Years, and ever-ſmiling Health,
Obſequious ſervants in that houſe alone,
Where Temperance ſpreads the board, and Exerciſe,
Foe to the dull Torpedo, yawning Sloth,
Lures her briſk Train to wake, and waſh away
The dregs of old, or ſeeds of young Diſeaſe
In the freſh morning waves. And ſee the ſtrand
Cloathed with promiſcuous crouds! Here trundling cars
Sweep the ſmooth Circus of the ſhining ſhore
In rapid ſilence; here the humble race
Of Induſtry imprint the ſandy path.
Mark yon high hamlets moving o'er the beach

On

On heavy wheels. In their receſſes ſafe,
May jealous Modeſty without a bluſh
Unveil her virgin charms, and, while the waves
Repel each wanton gazer, fearleſs taſte
The cooling ſweetneſs of the courteous Tide.

Sleep, ſleep ye bellowing Storms; ye piercing Winds
Reſtrain your breath; ye frightful Phocæ hide
Your uncouth forms; ye gloomy Clouds recede;
Bright eye of Nature, vivifying Sun,
O kindly ſhed ſelecteſt rays; and Thou,
Propitious Ocean, ſmooth thy furrowed face;
For, emulative of the Nereid train,
The beauteous upland daughters long to tempt
The liquid realms, Deſcend, ye Nymphs, deſcend,
And calm the tremblings of your hearts; behold
Huſhed, in reſpect for You, the waters glide,
Nor curl the downward ſky; for You the Sun
Sends forth ſelecteſt rays; for You far hence
The Phocæ fly their grots; for You the Gales
In deep Æolian caves endure repoſe.

Soft as the breath of May, the Waves embrace
Their lovely gueſts, who mid the limpid depths
Indulge awhile, diſporting. Thence they riſe
Invigoured, and direct their cheerful ſteps
To the bleſt Spaw, whoſe kindred ſtores, conjoined
With Ocean's healing virtues, vanquiſh ſoon
Each dreaded malady. Young lillies riſe

On every watered neck; the viſage too,
Late ſhrouded o'er by melancholy, learns
To mold the magic ſmile. Thy buſy ſtrand,
O Corinth, where the joyous Iſthmian games
Convened the pride of Greece, could never boaſt
A ſprightlier train, than meaſures, morn by morn,
The pile-raiſed mole, that from the ſtormy main
Guards the rich Spring of Scarborough. Such the charm
Felt inſtantaneous from the cordial flood;
And this atchieved by no polluting drench
Of liquid ſulphur, that with feetid ſteams
Tortures the ſenſe of ſmell, that putrid wounds,
The haif-averted eye, that ever haunts
The boding mind; while Fancy, like ſome wretch
Expecting Death's dread ſummons, loathing views
The poiſoned cup with horror; never rill
More pure, more ſplendid, wandering down the ſteep
Of Pindus, with perſuaſive murmurs moved
The unthirſty ſwain, and more unthirſty flock,
To taſte its tempting coolneſs. Scarborough's Spaw,
Bright to the eye, delicious to the taſte,
With mingled health and pleaſure courts the lip.

Now ſwiftly climbs the Sun, and lenient Air
Awake to quench the fever of his beams.
Inconſtant idling o'er the wide abyſs,
They, breathing purity, delight the touch
With a cool ſoft ſalute. But now the Tide,
Like ſome glad voyager returning home,

More near and near advances. Unperceived
It grain by grain absorbs the sandy shore,
With silent punctual progress; thus does Time
Steal mortal life away, and cover o'er
With the past ocean of Eternity.

But see yon Barge, on whose depicted prow
The Syren Pleasure, while her eyes dissolve
In languishment, reclines in easy state
On the still waves, her couch of liquid down.
For now the happy Youths, with new delights,
Regale their favourites on the green domain.
Crowned with each charm, that bright Invention views,
While Beauty shines before the mental eye,
The Fair embark. Then wading oars begin
Their sportive measures. White the sails expand,
And rustle to the breeze, that languishes
Beneath their flowing weight. The shore recedes,
The sun effulgent sheds a glossy light
On every silken streamer, gilds anew
The enamelled mast, affords to every die
Tints more exalted, till, enriched and cloathed
With floating glory, Ocean claps his hands
Rejoicing. Now as Kings, whose martial skill
Had conquered empires, oft, of old, would bend,
With mock ambition, to the mimic wars
Fought on the fields of chess; the beauteous Maids,
Whose nobler captures fighting crouds proclaim,
Thus deign, with snowy hands and radiant eyes,

To

To enſnare the ſcaly fry. For here the deep
With finny tribes, myriads on myriads, teem,
Contented natives, which the vagrant ſhoals
From Thule's coaſts increaſe, till ſcarce the bark
Can thro' them work her way. How freſh! how cool!
How pure the riſing gales! How ſmooth the ſeas!
How ſmile the panting waves! How bright the ſun!
How ſweet to view the wonders of the deep!
Through ſcenes unknown to trace the Hand of Heaven!
The Cates too how delicious! Here alone
The vital frame enjoys its native powers
Vigorous, and vaſt. O! happy Mariners,
Yours is ſupreme delight. From fraud and noiſe
Secluded, You, in ſtrict Society,
Friend among Friends regale away your Hours.
Hark! how harmonious from yon diſtant boat
Riſe mingling notes. Majeſtic from the horn
Peals the ſtrong blaſt of grandeur; thrill and keen
Through the rouſed ear the Trumpet, Clarion, Fife,
Dart their reſiſtleſs ſtrains; the plaintive Lute
Melts in ſoft melody; the merry Pipe
Exults in wanton airs; the hollow Rocks
In lays reſponſive ſport, whilſt every ſound,
Smoothed, mellowed, ſweetened by the glaſſy waves,
Breathes rapture, breathes complacence; till each care,
Each tumult huſhed, the Soul ſerenely ſits
Diſſolved, beatified; foretaſting joys
Of Spirits, whoſe ethereal organs, quick,
Pure, comprehenſive, hear the harmony

Of wide Creation; from the fainting breeze,
Whoſe undulations die unheard by man,
To deepeſt thunders, awful through the ſkies,
Shaking the frame of Nature; from the Choir,
Whoſe ſimple muſic makes the foreſt ring,
To hymning Seraphs, rouſing Heaven and Earth,
To ſwell the univerſal Father's praiſe.

And now adieu ye ſeas; to varying ſcenes
The happy hour invites; for O how ſweet
The rural calm receſs, when ſultry Suns
Ride in meridian cars; how more than ſweet!
When palled with buſy crouds, the boſom pants
For ſylvan ſolitudes, to ſhare the day
Between the leafy bowers, where ſilence reigns,
And Scarborough's buſtling tumults. Come, ye few,
Who never drown expiring V[illegible]'s plaints
In the loud throng, as parents firſt, incloſed
With the drum's thunder, and the cymbral's ſhriek,
In the curſed vale of Hinnom, barred their ears
To groans deep-iſſuing from the dying heart
Of their devoted infants, black with flames;
O come to theſe ſequeſtered ſcenes, that ſmile
Adorned by ſilver Derwent's ſoftering flood.
He, nurſed amid the Mooriſh Nymphs, at firſt
Deſcends a puny rill; meandering then
Thro' many a vale groteſque, fantaſtic now
Bounds o'er the pebbles, now on beds of gold,
Without a murmur glides, till Hackness decks

His

His banks of verdure. Hackness, loved retreat,
That circled round with guardian hills, that laved
With generous streams, that cheered with spacious meads
Of flower-bespangled green, that nobly crowned
With pensile groves, as fabled Pallas once
Issued arrayed from Jove's imperial head,
Mature and perfect, burst from Nature's womb
Compleat in every charm. The sons of Taste
Here never gazed, but motionless and rapt
They stood, with lifted hands, and wondering eyes,
As into statues turned to adorn the scene.

From this fair seat, as, mid the curtaining shades,
Wanders the winding stream, two rival vales
Invite him to their bosom. As some nymph,
Urged by two lovers, stands perplexed, resolves,
Then doubts again, whilst each impassioned suits
The storms and sunshine of her fickle face,
Till wrinkles, deepening in her brow, compel
Her vagrant heart to fix: The puzzling stream
Thus to the vales, with avarice of love,
Inclines alternate, and meandring at last
Plies to the noontide sun, and kindly visits
Thy meads, O Park of Thorns. But now too large
To love the child's tinkle, heavily
Moves on majestic. As some globe of ice,
When vernal airs emollient fan the frost,
Bursting from Appenines, down the steep
Whirling impetuous, collects in its rage

The kindred ſnow, till more and more enlarged
It rolls a mountain; in its courſe the ſtream
Thus ſwells, and deepens with recruiting rills.

Here by his ſedgy banks, thro' Fields, the ſeats
Of happy Labour, let my frugeous ſteps
Conduct me, liſtening to the jocund notes
Of gay Content, who, like an artleſs ſwain,
Oft bids the woods proclaim what pleaſures flow
From Cœlia's ſmile, or ſtrives to teach his pipe
Her vocal ſweetneſs, till, by Envy ſtruck,
The feathered ſongſters mix their rival airs,
Melodious warbling, while with deeper voice,
Tumbling precipitate from rocks abrupt,
A foamy fountain murmurs hoarſe applauſe.

Thence let me wander mid the pathleſs wilds
Of Raincliff, who, with intertwiſted leaves,
Arches the bowers of ſilence. There ſome bank
My humble board, my cloth the deep, green graſs,
Nature my handmaid, and Content my pomp,
Regale (ſweet Luxury!) on woodland fruit,
Rich ſtrawberries, that here vermilion o'er
Each ſecret glade, or, like the village maids,
Conceal their charms, and bluſh to be deſcribed
Beneath their parent ſhrubs. Each weeping Oak
Here gliſtens ſtrong with honied dews, that ſoft
Deſcend in nectared ſhowers. What fragrance floats
On every gale! while round the labouring Bees

Wheel their aërial voyage. Hark! the Hum
Now ſwift-approaching ſwells, departing now
Far diſtant dies; and now amid the leaves
That teem with fervid life, the various ſound
Of gratulation, Labour, Hope and Pain,
Commingling, melt the ſoul with lenient chime
To ſoft repoſe. The foot forgets to move,
The arm hangs lifeleſs, and the head declined
Turns to ſome velvet bank, where long the looks
Before were planted; drowſily the limbs
Sink down inſenſibly, and balmy ſleep
Half ſeals the loaded eyes, when thundring ſtrokes
More fierce, than to its deep foundations ſhook
The vaſt Trinacria, what time fable feigns
The Cyclop crew in Ætna's womb to mold
Jove's ductile bolts, aſſault the ſtartled ear.
On ringing anvils here while rocks of ſteel,
By the ſtrong water weilded, beat the bars
From the rude maſs of ore, at every blow
Tremble the foreſts, hills and vales reſound.
Here ſtretched harmonious, crowned with pendent groves,
Two giant hills contract the arch of heaven,
Till in the vale the bright ethereal train
In noon-tide glory riſe. Between their feet
Slow winds the river, which a green parterre,
Sprinkled with daiſies, ſkirts. Contiguous groves
Up the twin ſteeps begin their arduous march,
In nature's ranks, and, ſhade ſupporting ſhade,
Climb to the ſkies. Groteſquely rural here

Is every proſpect, rural every ſound,
Each odour rural; calm too as the ſwains
Here do Ambition's conjured paſſions ſleep.
Where are ye, Toils? ye Fears, ye Troubles, where
Whilſt this receſs enfolds us? Baniſhed, loſt,
And a new world is found, a world of peace,
Which boaſts ſuch beauties, as the artleſs age
Of innocence in bleſt Arcadian vales
Scarce ſaw, when Kings were Swains, and ſceptred Nymphs
At once the Queens of Men, and Queens of May.
Here oft the beauties of each Britiſh iſle,
Collected, taſte Content, and robed in ſnow,
Far ſweeter virgins of a ſweeter vale
Than Enna, dazzling Reaſon, to the eye
Of Wonder ſeem or Dryads, who, for change,
Have iſſued from the neighbouring bowers to bathe
In the pure ſtream; or Naiads, that have left
Their coral Grots, to trip it in the ſhade;
Or Fairy Elves, whom ſome belated ſwain,
Inſpired by fear or fancy, oft has ſeen
In antic meaſures circling thro' the meads,
Whilſt the bright Moon rejoicing wheeled her courſe.
They quit their pomp. A jutting hill conceals
The menial throng, and gilded car emblazed
With antique Heraldry. Now arm in arm,
Mid Nature's wild luxuriance, leads each youth
The darling of his choice. The converſe flows
Entendered, as the ſoftning ſcene inſpires.
Each pair and pair between, the Lambkins crop

The tufted blades, officious to improve
Their pleasing paths; admiring groves assume
Their richest livery; shelving banks appear
Empurpled o'er with violet; rullet glades
Open to view the various sprinkling sweets;
The meek-eyed Primrose, and the Cowslip decked
In Hymenean hues; whilst Woodbines climb
Each Thorn, each hazle Copse, and with the Briar
Mingling their odours, welcome to the Vale
Its new inhabitants. Smooth flows the stream,
As tho' afraid, with dimpling haste to wound
The mimic Charms, his watry Mirrour holds;
And finny tribes, ambitious to behold
The passing Beauties, heave their scaly lengths
Bedropt with burnished crimson, jet, and gold,
Above the glassy plain. Meantime the groves
Are rapture all; for not a bough but boasts
Some feathered Harmonist, that, there concealed,
Attunes his lays to love, or, kindly sweet,
Soothes the long labors of his brooding mate.
Note answers note, and long resounds for long,
Echo still prattling o'er, with voice distinct,
Each burst of joy, and every dying air.
The heart drinks soft contagion; melting speech
Slides from each rosy lip, or else the Nymph,
Too nice to bear the roughness of a word,
Sighs out her secret pleasure. Unashamed,
The Matron on her dearer Half reclines
With brow dissolved in Joy: the Virgin feels

In

In every limb a Languor, longs to lean
Familiar, till the blush, the softened eyes,
And ear absorpt by his fond whispered tale,
Tells her Conductor how remote her heart
From scorn or cruelty. And now, ye Fair,
Learn Caution, while Serena's storied woes
Display the prevalence of softning scenes.

The authors of her birth were never forced
To scuffle for precarious bread, nor cringe
To surly Pride. So humble was their state,
It circumscribed within penurious bounds
Their name and virtues; yet so bright their worth,
It peopled but with Friends this narrow sphere.
Thus blest with competence, in liberal lore
They rear'd their only Hope, as though at strife
With Nature, who with noblest gifts should grace
Their common Darling. Hence her sixteenth year
Beheld her spotless, as the Angel train,
That, robed in white, to dying Saints appear
In their last dreams. Her heart was large and pure,
Her voice was Harmony, her looks were Love,
Yet not the child whom Fortune gives to find
Some gem, less conscious bears the precious prize,
Than she these rich endowments. Thus she shone
Mid Scarborough's visitants, when first beheld
By gay Eugenio. He derived his birth
From noble ancestry, that, like the Nile
Of origin unknown, eludes the search

In

In times remote, and disappears at last
With undiminished splendor. Uncontrouled
From the first dawn of Reason, Fortune's smiles
Had warped his Soul. The Diadem alone
Escaped his grasping thoughts; yet basely nooſed
By Pleasure, she with beckning finger led
The obsequious slave at will. He saw, he loved;
But proud of rank, and brooking no restraint,
Dreamed not of wedlock. Now, as richest fruit
Still earliest drops, one common sickness seized
Serena's parents; side by side, one grave
Inclosed their dear remains. Eugenio then
So kindly soothed her grief, that in the chasm,
Which Death so late had in her bosom left,
He fixed himself victorious. Yet so close
She veiled her Love, that never spark betrayed
A more than vestal warmth. And such the awe
Of Beauty, when beloved! the dignity
Of Virtue! that not daring to disclose
His sacrilegious wish, he humbly asked
A private nuptial league. Severely good,
She answered, "Heaven to sanctify his choice
"Had spared a Father." Oft he urged his suit,
As oft her firmness chilled him; when, convened
To taste the rural sweets, this softening Vale
Received the Lovers mid a social train;
This softning Vale, which soon, too soon dissolved
Her cold reserve. For here a word too kind,
Still more entendered by a vain recall,

Revealed

Revealed her naked heart; and ſtrait the Youth,
When once her Soul was oped, by Violence,
Which ſcorned Repulſe, extorted her conſent
To dread connubial rites. O'er theſe the Moon
At midnight hour preſided. None beheld
Their pledges interchanged, ſave two, the friends
By both the moſt approved. His viſits too
Were veiled in darkneſs; yet embittered ſtill
By fears, that whiſpered to Serena's heart
That privacy was guilt. And, cloyed with bliſs,
Soon to theſe arms the Huſband lingering crept,
Where once, on wings of fire, the Lover flew.
Meantime each conſcious witneſs of their vows
Was ſnatched away by Fate. Eugenio heard
Rejoicing, and with cruel purpoſe ſought
His long-neglected Wife. Her brightening eye
Flaſhed tranſport at his ſight; but quick reſumed
The languor of affliction. Silent long
They ſtood, preparing for each other's ear
Suits, Ah! how different. But before his guilt
Dared aſk her to diſſolve their nuptial ties,
The Fair beſought him to avow their league,
And ſpare a Mother's ſhame.—A pauſe enſued—
She kneeled all beauteous, and while ſuppliant tears
Impearled her varying cheek, with fondneſs graſped
His churliſh hand, that half-refuſed to obey
Its ſnowy leader, raiſed it tenderly,
And preſſed with kiſſes from her matron lip.
His leaden heart diſſolved; with ſoftened looks,

He

He raiſed her, and ſo powerful was her grief,
The kind diſſembler, while he bade her hope,
Believed himſelf ſincere. But ſoon did Pride
Reſume its ſway, and make his pen the tongue
Of what he bluſhed to ſpeak. "His wealth and power,
It ſaid, "were ſtill Serena's. For the name
"Of Conſort, which his infancy indulged,
"Honor no more could brook the opprobrious term;
"Then cloſed, requiring her to render back
"Each light remembrancer of childiſh love,
"To her firm friend Eugenio." Half ſhe read
The bitter ſentence; cold and breathleſs, then
Sunk down inſenſate. Waked a while ſhe raved
In agony; to melancholy next
Subſided her affliction. Not the Lamb,
Mute innocence, more patient bears its fate
Than ſhe her lot of anguiſh. To his will
Obedient even to ruin, back ſhe gave
All the kind pledges, all the dear dear notes,
That Love had dictated in happier days,
And, in her laſt farewell, when the loved name
Of Wife was written, ſtopped till, trickling down,
A tear eraſed the interdicted word.
To a far-diſtant ſcene of ſolitude
She now withdrew from Scorn. To rear her ſon,
And for her dear deſerter breathe her prayers,
Was then her ſole delight. For four long years
Which there ſhe wore, no tidings of her Lord,
Save by the voice of public Fame, ſhe heard.

This told her that, in search of varying joys,
He roamed thro' foreign climes. 'Twas now to soothe
Her grief, that she in Scarborough once again
Fixed her abode. Incurious, and unknown,
There passed her heavy hours. A royal barge
Driven in by storms, the theme of every tongue,
Roused not her notice. In this customed vale
She sacrificed to Sorrow, whilst the scene,
Its beauties withered by her blasting eye,
Appeared to sympathize. The glades disclosed
A deep congenial gloom; the river rolled
Torpid as crept the hours; the dying rose
Drooped like her pensive heart; the path perplexed
With thorns, that scaled the hill, where not a trace
Of human-kind was seen, recalled to thought
Her taste of life amid a friendless world.
Her eyes with circling tired, she now intent
Pored on the blank of air, where Fancy formed
The husband of her heart; now bent her ear
To the lone sylvan dove, whose dying coos
Bemoaned her murdered mate, whilst sighing gales
Conspired to soothe her grief. Thus mused the Fair,
Forgetful of her infant Hope, who saw
The scene with other eyes. Behind he chased
The chirping grass-bird, called the sylvan sweets,
In the clear saphire of the stream surveyed
The finny race; or else, with hasty barge,
The little Xerxes of a narrow sea
Lashed the regardless flood. A thrilling cry

At length rouzed all the mother. Loud her heart
Knocked at her breaſt; back glanced her eyes, and ſaw
Her darling in the deep; ſhe ran, ſhe ſtretched,
But ere ſhe reached the bank, a ſtranger plunged
Amid the depths, and drew the breathleſs child
Out by his auburn treſſes. Dumb with joy
She preſſed him to her heart, and on her knees
Preparing thanks, a once familiar face
Repelled her glance. Incredulous, again
She gazed, whilſt guſhed her tears; with anſwering tears
The ſtranger's cheeks were bathed, for ſent by heaven
Lo! her beloved Eugenio. Motionleſs
They ſtood, by wonder trances; till "O forgive",
Broke the long ſilence, which the Fair returned
With "welcome to my breaſt, my life, my Lord".
Then ruſhed they ardent to each others arms.
Nor found their rapture voice, before the child
Received a father's kiſſes. Theſe diſcharged,
Eugenio thus; "How merciful is heaven
"That forces us to bliſs; 'twas heaven that roused
"The tempeſt; heaven, that bade the thunders ſpeak
"Of wronged Serena's virtues; heaven that ſtreamed,
"In more than midnight gloom, my baneful crimes
"By the red lightning's terror; heaven that armed
"The billows with thy ſufferings; heaven that drove
"My home-bound barge to Scarborough's haven that here
"Sent me to ſave my darling child, and Thee
"To this repentant boſom back reſtored,
"Where, dear as life, for ever thou ſhalt reign."

But

But now the pleaſures of the feſtive night
To Scarborough call the Muſe. Ye menial throng!
Bid the glad tapers glow; harmonious wake,
Ye ſtrains, at whoſe enchanting power the heart
Now yielding melts, now tremulouſly thrills,
And now exulting triumphs. Come, ye Fair,
O why thus linger? Come away, the Dance
Expects you, and the lights, that far outvie
The noontide ſun, but ſhew the poverty
Of pompous ſplendor, when ungraced by you.
As to ſome wool-clad ſhrub, or chalky ſtone,
Their choſen goal, the ſportive lambkins flock
By tens, by troops, to ſhare the youthful race;
Thus cluſtring now behold the beauteous train
Approach the gates of pleaſure. Hence, ye Proud!
Hence, fordid ſons of Earth; your preſence here,
Where Eaſe and Independence jointly reign,
Where, tender as the thiſtle's trembling down,
At each rude breath, the liberal ſpirit ſhrinks,
Deforms the face of Bliſs. With liſted hands
Forth moves a noble pair. Smooth ſolemn ſtrains,
With many a melting fall, mellifluous breathe,
While, correſpondent, as thro' air upborne
On wings inviſible, the dancers ſwim.
One ſeems their ſoul; together now they pauſe,
Now graceful flit together, ſuppliant now
Sink as they fail, and, with ſweet dignity,
Now ſhoot athwart the arena; like two ſounts,
That, wedded by a ſubterraneous rill,

With ever-answering waters ebb, and flow.
Their Eyes too, tempered to the strains, exult
At each proud swell; at every dying fall
Dissolve in languishment. Serenely fond
Now, while in current smooth the music glides,
The Youth surveys the Fair, as tho' for worlds
He would not lose a look; while She at Him
Still steals the timid glance, as half-afraid
Of graces so resistless. Near her stands
Her happy mother, ravished with her praise,
Remembering years of old. But Harmony,
Hark! asks a brisker movement. Scarce the hall
Now holds the marshalled pairs. Hence, Slaves of Form,
Machines inanimate should never join
That dance, which Nature taught our sires to lead
What time the crowns of Kings were wreaths of flowers.
The primal rank begins. With equal steps,
And by one distant severed, down they trip
Still pausing, like two lovers fond to pass
Some river, that officious interferes
To bar their happy meeting. Nimbly now
They glide transversely, as two fiery Knights,
When airy Jousts adorn the artic sky,
Flash o'er the wide horizon. Now the Nymph
Invites to revels partners not her own,
While he, familiar, with vindictive play
Roves mid the foreign fains, as lovers oft,
With art disguised, or bent on mutual pain,
Or else to elude some keen observer's

Squander careſſes anxious to the heart.
Again they rapturous meet; ſhe flies again
To tempt purſuit, her purpoſe; as of old,
When Galatea's apple, ſlily poiſed,
Had drawn the Shepherd's eye, the wanton ſtrait
Fled to the willows. Strange to Nature, now
He flies the following Fair; yet not like thee,
Cold Phaon, but like him, who feigning fear,
His crime a raviſhed kiſs, laſily ſhuns
The fair-one's gentle vengeance; in his flight
The enamoured runagate but meditates
A ſecond violence, which her purſuit
For puniſhment, is meant but to provoke.
Now in full choir, thro' each fantaſtic maze,
The dancers wheel, commingling, parting, ſtill,
Tho' wild, concordant. Here in meaſures ſtrong
They bound like glancing ſun-beams; there on ſmooth
Still ſteps are waſted, as when evening clouds
Sail on the ſlumbering air. As bees thro' beds
Of roſes or of lillies; thro' the ranks
For revelry arranged, thus pair by pair
Diſports the youthful tribe. Meantime the loves
Are preſent, and exulting Hymen deems
The torches all his own. Is yonder eye,
That far outſhines the neighbouring diamond's blaze,
More melting or more bright? Does yonder cheek,
Diſcloſe more beauty from its heightened dies,
Or ſweetneſs from its ſmiles? Does yonder brow,
Confuſed, more chide, or animate the youth,

Who,

Who, busy with the virgin's taken hand,
In a too tender intercourse, forgot
To give it back with grace? Or are the sighs,
That heave yon snowy bosom, seen more clear?
Thro' that transparent vesture, than her love
Beneath that toiled disguise, which, like thin mists
That veil the sun, but shew it more distinct,
And softened to the sight? Ye happy Choir,
Adieu! from you the Muse reluctant turns
Even to the feast of reason. Yonder see
The sage Divan convened, who now instruct,
Dear British privilege, their King to rule;
Now each an Hermes, O important task!
Consult to clothe the barren wastes with gold.
Why in new worlds should the poor Plowman search
The bread of vagrants, whilst such tracts immense
Of his loved country cry for Culture's aid?
Taught now by Shakespear, curious they unfold
The filmy passions; now with Milton soar
To the high Empyreum; now with Grey
Walk melancholy mid the rustic graves,
With folded arms, and every step a fear;
And now with Ariel guard Belinda's lock.
Ah! matchless Ariel, who like thee can paint
The Bow of Iris? Who, with fancy wild
As its vagaries, open to the sight
The varying female bosom? Who, like thee,
With majesty Miconian, sing the wars
Fought by the dire Spadill. Thy magic wand

Transforms

Transforms a ringlet to a realm, exalts
Toys into Heroes, and, to dignify
Thy theme, creates even Gods. Tho' SCARBOROUH Belles,
Embattled at Quadrille, demand the ſong,
Their Bard, by thy victorious Ceſtus awed,
With trembling wonder far rejects the theme.
And not unconſcious that, when Fancy flies
Abſolved from Reaſon's ſway, his weaker wing
Could never for a momentary flight
Vie with thy wildneſs, when thro' Nature's bounds
Thou, archly ſolemn, ſporteſt, quits the ſcene
To loſe his labors in oblivious reſt.

CANTO

Transforms a ringlet to a realm, exalts
Toys into Heroes, and, to dignify
Thy theme, creates even Gods. Tho' Scamander own Bellas,
Embattled at Quadrille, demand the fray,
Their Band, by thy victorious Oaths awed,
With trembling wonder far reject the theme,
And not unconscious that, when Fancy flies
Ablolved from Reason's sway, his weaker wing
Could never for a momentary flight
Vie with thy wildness, when thro' Nature's bounds
Thou, archly solemn, sportest, quits the scene
To toil his labors in oblivious rest.

CANTO

CANTO III.

HOW hard! *Iërne*, dear adopting Isle,
Where Strangers, hospitably lured, forget
Each his sweet natal Country; whilst thy Vales,
With whiteness vested, match the merchandize
Of ancient Egypt; whilst thy silver lakes,
Erne and Killarney; Erne for leagues adorned
With oak-clad countless Isles; Killarney wreathed
With Myrtles and with Arbutes; boast their Views
Nature's wild beauteous Magic; whilst thy Sons,
Of taste unerring, clothe thy wavy face
With sylvan glories; and, tho' Faction dwells
On fabled insults, TOWNSHEND's gentle rule
Each envied blessing brightens; O! how hard
Leaping thy loveliest scenes, to brave the storm
On SCARBOROUGH's bleak-browed cliffs! But see the Morn!
Comes scowling on; the Sky perturbid mourns
The darkned Sun, and direful as the Ram,
Whose iron horn o'erturned the sturdiest towers,
The Tempest sternly gripes each lofty Dome;
Tremble the Pillars, reel the giddy Roofs,
Shrill female shrieks arise, and showers of Tiles
In wild vagaries ride; till spent, the blast
Retires indignant, and with surly growl
Mourns his repulse minacious. Thus, whilst shakes
The marble Mansion, O! what hope can cheer,
Or what asylum shield, the homeless race
Of Seamen, driven at random o'er the waves,

Their beſt defence, their ſaving power a Bark
Of brittle fabric. Thou, all-gracious Heaven,
Canſt give them conſolation; Thou alone
Art now their awful refuge. Winds and Waves,
Obſequious to Thy Will, aſſault the Skies;
Obſequious to Thy Will, ſubſides the Sea,
And all is Peace and Joy. Come, pampered tribe,
Black Melancholy's ſlaves, who, toad-like, feed
On poiſoned vapors, view the Mariner,
And, from his keen diſtreſſes, learn content.
From you the kindly roofs repel the rage
Of burning ſuns; from you the rigor drives
Off ſtern petrific froſts, and you ſecures
From each alarming danger; gorgeous robes
Deck your ambition, beds of ſafteſt down
Invite ſerene repoſe to ſeal your eyes,
And ſumptuous delicacies court your taſte.
Whilſt he with torrid days, with piercing nights,
With famine, thirſt, and ſleepleſs vigils pines,
Year after year, and when his longing eyes
Dear SCARBOROUGH view, when high beats his fond heart,
And Fancy, all on fire, outſtrips the winds,
Claſps his enraptured Wife, and loads her lap
With dear-won treaſure; then a fatal ſtorm
Entombs him in the deep. And ſee you croud
With ſteps of terror ſweeping to the ſtrand
As ſtung with anguiſh good Thalaſſio's Spouſe
Flies lifted on her arms. If he be gone,
Sure Heaven's loved favourites feel ſevereſt ills.

Blameleſs

Blameleſs he lived, or this his godlike fault
Benevolence unbounded. Oh! 'tis hard,
The richneſs of their father's ſoul ſhould doom
Six helpleſs babes to languiſh in the froſts
Of pinching penury. Their portion dried
The tears of Indigence, and miniſtered
To Virtue in affliction; and muſt they
Pine in Diſtreſs? Muſt their poor yearning eyes
Fail thro' deſire of Food? Now turn our looks
To the tormented Deep, that thundering ſhakes
The far-reſounding ſtrand. The ambitious Winds,
Like Earth's encroaching Conquerors, enflamed
With conſcious Power, would drive the trembling Waves
From their primæval manſions; till the abyſs,
White with the conflict, ſeems a mingled maſs
Of air and water. Here, in oozy chaſms,
The Tempeſt wars; aërial Surges there,
Upborn on Winds, as pillars, ride aloft
Like fleecy clouds; then, burſting on the ſhore,
Fall in a madding cataract, and thence
Flaſh with a fierce rebound, till ſeized again,
And ſcattered by the blaſt, they o'er the town
Fly far in driſling ſpume. The Sea to-night
Now opens, and, O Horror! cloſe to ſhore
His half-wrecked Bark. Is this thy welcome? This
The cauſe, the crown, of nine long toiling months,
Exiled thy Wife, thy Babes, and natal clime?
By winds unconſtant toſſed, the veſſel now
Divides the clouds with maſt aërial, now

Sinks in the deep ingulphed. This optic tube
Displays to sight the crew, with fruitless toil
Aghast, and spiritless. Distinction, scared
By the grim front of Danger, flies afar,
And every arm its every sinew strains
To work their common safety. See the helm
Abandoned to Thalassio! Undismayed,
Alternate whilst he lives in sea, and air,
Mark! how he guides her o'er the watry Alps,
Stealing to Heaven, as each dread surge subsides,
A mute imploring look. Mysterious God!
Shall he, who punctual as thy saints adored
Thy power supreme, who mid the heathen blessed
Thy Holy Name, the Parent of the Poor;
Shall he, O God, shall he!—Thy will be done,
All-wise Omnipotence. Thy plastic Word,
From its primœval state, to being called
His glassy frame; Thy vivifying Breath
Can soon his dust requicken, soon collect
From the vast caverns of the deep, and clothe
With tenfold amaranthine dignity.

—Now turn we to the Shore; there heart-sprung tears
Stream from a thousand eyes; but tears are all
Their unavailing aid. How wildly start
Yon Boatmen at each signal of Distress!
They tempt the Sea; still louder and more loud
Bellows the storm. Tho' Pity goads them on,
Reluctant they return, compelled to wait

A more auſpicious moment. Yonder ſee
Pre-eminence of anguiſh point to view
The Wife of poor Thalaſſio. Hark! ſhe ſhrieks
At every wave, afraid her longing eyes
Have bade their dear dear Lord their laſt adieu.
Now frantic, ſhe with heaps of promiſed wealth
Would bribe the Boatmen; weeping, then reviles
His old Familiars. "O ye ſlaves of Time,
"Cowards, whom Fear alone can teach to feel,
"Have you no Pity, no Affection? He,
"Ingrates, had never ſeen the worſt of you
"Periſh unaided. Hear ye not his cries?
"O! melt they not your boſom?" Whilſt their hearts
Bleed with her charge, the tempeſt ſweeps away
Maſts, cordage, ſails, and leaves (O! edge extreme
Of Hazard) their inſenſate brothers bound
To the diſmembered hulk. They then reſolve
To bear Relief, or meet a watry Death.
They gallant brave the Storm, and wield their oars
With correſpondent ſkill. The toiling Skiff
Seems ſome poor Nautilus, expelled its home
By the rude Tempeſt, whilſt, in air erect,
Now on the ſurge ſhe perches; plunging now
Amid the abyſs, eludes the tortured ſight,
For anxious minutes; and, with dwindled bulk,
Now, a dark moat, the foamy billow ſcales.
Meantime the Fair, with pious zeal enflamed,
Exhorts her infant race, that clung around
Adorned with filial tears. "Come, children, come,

"For

" For your poor Father let us kneel and weep,
" You're yet too young to ask his life by prayer;
" But Heaven is merciful, nor more requires
" Than we are able. Kneel then, children, kneel,
" 'Tis all ye can." Obedient they
Sink by her side, and, by her pattern taught,
Uplift their little asking hands to Heaven.
She then prefers her suit; but not as thou,
Thou formal Pharisee, with studied phrase,
To which thy heart is cold. With eyes of Faith
The Almighty she beholds, enthroned sublime
Above the stars, dispensing to the storms
His delegated terrors. Winged with strength,
Resistless at his mandate, forth they fly,
Whirl round the ravaged globe, and from its poise
Heave Earth's reluctant frame. With anxious hope
To him ascends her soul, upborne by sighs.
Ye sceptic rout, how vain your blind belief
That Heaven in apathy disdains to hear
The Fervor of our Supplications. Prayer
Calls floods of fatness from the clouds; by Prayer
We shut the windows of the sky, surcharged
With louring Deluge; Prayer with plenty feeds
The famished Heart, arrays the naked Limbs,
And puts the purpled Pestilence to flight.
As when the Babylonian's frantic zeal
The blameless Daniel doomed to glut the jaws
Of hungry Lions, the resounding Den
Shook with the tenfold roar, that all, who heard

The

The thunder of their fury, far and wide,
Trembled in conſternation; but when once
Their prey appeared, divinely taught, they huſhed
The horrors of their voice, forgot their rage,
Their hunger, thirſt of blood, and humbly crouched
With diſtant blandiſhments; then one by one
Approaching, gently licked his ſacred feet:
Thus when the Skiff, as doomed to certain Fate,
Mid the wild waves advanced, a ſudden Calm
Stills the tumultuous Sea, the breezy Gale
Whiſpers the ſong of Peace, the watry Hills
The welcome tiding hear, and bow their heads,
Retiring to the gulphs like veterans ſent
Each to his native vale. Secure the ſkiff
Slides o'er the waves, that, indolently gay,
Stop their calm courſe to wanton round her ſides,
Then dimply ſteals to ſhore. As ſome fair flower,
Blown by too early ſpring's inconſtant ſmile,
If north winds howl, contracts its foliage, pines,
And ſeems for ever dead; the Floriſt then
Removes it, where a firmament of glaſs
Repels the froſt, and artificial Suns
Perrennial glow, when ſtrait revived it flaunts
In priſtine glory; thus Thalaſſio placed
Where round the lares wafted warmth, is ſoon
Reſtored to Life and Joy. His ſhipmates ſhare
His happy Fate, and all, with hymning voice,
Aſcribe their ſafety to the Almighty King.

Yet

Yet not theſe ſights of Horror, not the ſhore,
Deformed with naval ſpoils, dread monitors,
What Dangers lurk beneath inſidious Seas!
Diſmay Neptunian SCARBOROUGH. See the ſhore
What future navies clothe! Norwegian pines
Here ſtretch their trunks gigantic; Britiſh Oaks
Here in proud ſtubborn piles oppreſs the ground;
Here, from the pitchy cauldron, fragrant clouds
Steam to the ſkies, and ripening veſſels there,
Like the rude creatures, on the deluged bank
Of Nile, prolific flood, enrich the ſtrand.
This, newly on its firm foundation fixed,
Fatigues the gazer's eye, to comprehend
Her longitude immenſe. Another, boned
With ſturdy Oak, expands her arching limbs
Stupendous, like the inverted columns proud
Of ſome antique cathedral. That, behold!
Approaching to perfection, wide unfolds
Her ſpacious Penetralia. Clinging Boys,
Like Ants ſupine, that creep beneath the bough,
Hang on her ſides, explore, and fortify
The ſecret chinks. Her ringing caverns, hark!
Rebound the din of labor, hurling quick
The cluttering echo far. And now, behold!
The ſwelling ſhines conſummate. Symmetry
Rules thro' her every part, and Grandeur ſtrikes
The dazzled eye with awe. Her Battlements
O'ertop the loftieſt Roofs; yon Shipwright fixed
High on her Maſt, where but a Dwarf he hangs,

Plodding

Plodding below, beneath a load of plank,
Seemed some huge Samson stalking o'er the beach,
With the vast gates of Gaza. Soon she rears
Her painted head, expands her sails, displays
Her crimsoned streamers to the wanton wind,
And, like some racer foaming for the course,
Prances amain. Promiscuous sounds descend
Spectators of the launch. A tide of oil
Smooths her prone path; a sloping watry bed,
Scooped from the sand, prepares to break her fall
With soft resistance; else her headlong beak,
Impetuous rushing to the vast profound,
Ponderous and huge, would plow the central earth,
And shiver into fragments. Silence now
Attends the chissel's solitary strokes,
With strict sedulity. She bows her head.
Hark! a shrill cheer. With sea-mews o'er a winged, a name
Of happy auspice, the baptismal wine
Flies joyous, and the jolly train applaud.
Dance on her deck, and, with impressive bound,
Give motion to the dubious oaken tower.
She steals, slides, sweeps, darts, flashes to the deep,
Serenely rapid; like some Vulture poised,
That shoots the air, and never waves a wing.
The frighted Sea recoils, and stands a while
Collected. As when thundering at the door
Some din unusual frights the Pack, confused
They roar aloof, till known the Huntsman's voice,
And feeding hand, obsequious they approach,
And hail his entrance with a chorial peal;

Thus, with tumultuous haste, the waves returned
Soon clasp their new inhabitant, who safe,
As the proud Temple wafted, thro' the air,
To rich Loretto, from the sacred clime
Of distant Palestine, performs her flight,
And floats incumbent o'er the wide abyss,
That rings with cheers, as when the morning stars
Together sang, and all the Sons of God
Shouted for Joy to see the new-born Earth.
Then give the naval Tribe to festive feats,
Their sweet sabbatic hours. Nor, as of old
The Demi-gods of Greece, do Scarborow's sons,
Destined to guide young Argo o'er the main,
Desire an Orpheus, with heroic strains,
To instil the Soul of Courage. Uncontrouled
By Apprehension, each on a sea
Of wine embarks, or else with Beauty weaves
The farewell dance, tho' storms perceptous howl.
As golden Insects, waked by genial May
To haunt each pool, and tinge their filmy wings
In every stream, tho' scarce a wave but bears
Some fluttering friend, still wanton sip the flood,
Unwarned, ambitious, candidates for Death;
Thus Scarborough's Youth ascend the Bark, tho' wrecks,
Ill boding, bar their way, and fear alone
The inglorious rust of Sloth, and down of Ease.
Ask of yon Boy, who from his nurse's arms
Surveys the flood, for what his bosom pants;
He'll boldly lisp, "To plow the briny main."
He, Son of Ocean, deems all true Delight

To center in the Sea, and smiling view,
With supercilious brow, the coward race,
Who sleep out life beneath a sordid roof.
And this bright flame, that fires his infant years,
Enthusiastic thro' the various steps
To manhood blazes. Nautic are his toys,
Of childhood, nautic sports alone attract
The riper boy; and when the straining steed,
With the wild music of the chase, regales
His gay coëvals, He, the briny deep
His vast Gymnasium, sails, with oary arm,
Adventurous voyages, reposing rides
The broad-backed surge, or Ocean's pearly grots
Diving explores. So frequent is his sight,
The finny tribes, familiar sporting round,
Deem him some harmless brother of the waves.
Nursed by the Billows, cradled on the Mast,
Lulled by the Gales, and tutored by the Storm,
As Scarborough reared that whirlwind of the war,
Impetuous Lawson*, who, like morning mists,
Brushed from the sea Batavia's trembling fleets,
Now see the finished Youth. His ruffled Brow
Outfrowns the stormy sky; his martial Voice
Bursts dreadful forth, like thundering seas; his Arm
Is strength; young Vigor bounds in every step.
Bold is his Ear; for not the ductile voice
Of unmanned Sybarites, the vocal Grove,
Mellifluous Viol, nor the Organ's swell,
That shakes the dome of Prayer, to him convey

* An Admiral born at Scarborough.

Such music, as the clashing Cymbal yields,
Loud whistling thro' the hills, or roaring Trees,
The lillied youthful train, whose whole delight
Is drudgery of dress, he envies not.
Their scented robes; to him not balm, nor balm,
Nor flower, nor spice, nor all Arabia breathes
Odors so pleasing, as the Gum of Pines,
Which as the gale floats from the rosin'd Bark,
" Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles."
Take, soft Idolators, who bow the knee
To Luxury, imaged, like the Cygnet Love,
By bird, that wings the air, or elfe belied,
As Dagon once, beneath a scaly form;
Take your exotic delicacies, priz'd
Each at a province; he, superior, scorns
Your pompous Altars, happier in the bread
Of native Scarborough, with his frugal food,
And humble board. And tho' the Sons of Pride,
Delicate Drones, whose labor never bore
One burden to the hive, contemptuous eye
His peasant hand, mounted deep with toil,
'Tis coarse with Scars of Honor, nobly gained
In wafting Wealth to Britain. Hail, ye Sons
Of Scarborough, and, as Brothers of the deep
Hold all things in commotion, common hail,
Where'er thro' Britain born. The golden age,
By you restored, pecuniful, thro' the realm,
Each produce of the world redundant flowers.
The glossy silks of Ind, and cottons fine
By Carolina's Groves, the downy cotton

Of Hyperborean fables, ride, by You,
The fleece of Albion, and the fleecy herd
Of fair Ierne; climes beneath the sun,
By You, contemingled with our native rills
Of milk and honey streams, that owe their rise
To fields of dropping Cane, till liquid sweets
O'erflow the world; by You Barbaric Pearl
Adorns the northern Dame; by You the Gems
Of proud Golconda pale their feebler fires
Before the British eye; the happy Isles,
By You, their vintage to the richer vile
Of Scarborough join; ye mutin Heroes hail
Hail sovereigns of the sea, Tho' Kings with Kings,
Tho' Worlds with Worlds combined, shall ill soil to plant
Oppression's dismal banner on her shores,
Britain, secure in You, her firmer wall
Than triple adamant, with calm disdain
Might view the tyrant league. You valiant arm
First raised this Isle above her sister realms;
With shoulders strong, as Atlas, You sustain
The glorious orb so high, that Envy's darts
Fall ineffectual. Thus, whilst Scarborough's Sons
Reap the blest harvest, freedom, wealth, and fame,
For their loved country, for themselves they glean
A private sheaf, that feeds each craving want,
When life's chill evening damps their vital powers,
Lulled by repose, they then no longer sport
With toil, or peril, save when fancy lost
Unfettered in their dreams, again they hear
The bellowing surge, again, of anguish proud,

Blest

Bleſs the warm blood, that for their ſovereign flows.
Theirs is firm loyalty; ſtir as the vine
Clings to the Elm, and ſhelters her ſupport;
Thus SCARBOROUGH cleaves to her protecting Prince.
Nor baſks ſhe, battening in a BRUNSWICK's ray,
For a ſhort Summer's hour, to ſhrink afar
At each chill blaſt; for when a mimic Orb,
In the meteorous North, enthroned in miſt,
Fixt its mock majeſty, ſhe tendered ſtill
Her grateful homage to the genuine Sun.
For as ſome torrent, by its headlong fall
Fermented, foams above the banks, in roar
Majeſtic, impotent in power, and ſweeps
Away with its inflated freed, chaff, ſtraw,
Stubble, and weeds, (things fixed by weight or ſtrength
Left firm or unaſſailed); Rebellion thus
Ruſhed headlong on, with Rumor in her van;
Rumor, whoſe wondering front, and fabling tongue
Spread conſternation wide. The ſwarth throng
She marſhalled to a hoſt, in number, ſpeed,
And devaſtation, like the locuſt clouds,
That ride on whirlwinds, dim the Eye of day,
And fix pale Famine in her drear Domain.
Yet SCARBOROUGH's Sons, nor ſhaken, nor diſmayed,
Each from his bark, the thundering cannon dragged
To ſhield their circling ramparts, nor did haſte,
Or pauſe, or pant, till in preciſt the town
Was huſhed in expectation. As if chance
The Wolf breaks in, the Father of the fold,
Too weak to ſave his flock, between two oaks,

Secured

Secured behind by hedge, retreats, and thicket
Collected paws, with curling hair advanced,
Till roused, the fruits the ravager surround,
Who bold with desperation, stoutly dies:
Thus Scarborough stood, thus royal Cumberland,
Rescued the British realms, the traiterous rout,
Infuriate thus with terror, bravely fell.
Then Scarborough flamed triumphant; silence fled
Affrighted by the song; the conduits swelled
With nut-brown British wine; the streets imblazed
With bone-fires piled in air; the night illumed
With more than noon-tide beams; the shrouded chair
Far flinging silver peals; the thundering tubes,
That, with their kindred roar, recalled to thought
The din of battle, all combined to fire
The heart with rapture. Then the brow of Care
Was smoothed to sweet complacence; avarice,
Who, from her rusty stores, too oft surveyed,
Contracts a cankered heart, a while forgot
Her darling hoard; and pale-faced Penury,
Proud that her only wealth, the public air,
Had 'scaped Oppression's gripe, as though for lands
And treasures rescued, lighted in her Eye
The lamp of Joy; while labor, murmuring, deemed
The day profaned, if one loud-echoing hoof,
That toiled beneath a load of golden grain
For its own table destined, though but borne
The journey of a Sabbath, chased alarm.

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